

A million a year,
 'Tis perfectly clear,
 Is little enough for me;
 There's only myself,
 To squander the pelf,
 But 'tis a little enough for me:
 My people I value.
 In purple is fine,
 I sum up, I take each day;
 O, it's a perfectly clear
 That a million a year
 Is modest—for me, I say.

A third of a cent!
 A third of a cent!
 Is more than enough for them;
 It's very absurd
 To kick at a third,
 O, it's very absurd—for them!
 Food, raiment and rest
 For a third of a cent,
 It's really too much—for them;
 If some who will try
 To live on it die,
 'Twill be a mistake—for them.

Perched up on a Pole
 They'd ravish my ear;
 I could not refuse their prayer;
 Just let them snarl,
 For Africa dark.
 And see how I'll grieve them there!
 My neighbors I love,
 All mortals above,
 My net harks with Europe content;
 New Yorkers who sell
 My papers I—well, well,
 Let them live on the third of a cent.